THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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A State Department Muzzle

Geoffrey Parsons Jr. cables from London to The New York Herald Tribune that a severe censorship has been clamped on London correspondents of American newspapers. They are not allowed to send anything suggesting that there is any difference between our foreign policy and that of our allies, such as Great Britain and Soviet Russia. The British government has imposed this censorship at the request of the American State Department. Our Department does not want the American people to know what other countries think, officially or unofficially, of our policy. The seriousness of this situation scarcely needs to be underlined. The State Department has hardly taken a single wise and just action in recent years except under the prodding of public opinion, and a group of men like the American correspondents in London is a most important part of the public conscience. Offhand, we would trust the judgment of any five leading newspaper correspondents in the British capital far more readily than we would the judgment of the five top men in the American State Department. And that is just why the Department has now obtained British coöperation in muzzling them.

More Congressional Trickery

The majority in Congress which is dominated by the farm-bloc leaders, with their big-business allies, is using a familiar political trick to deal with the issue of food subsidies. It is fearful of the punishment which may be administered by the pressure groups who favor inflation if it seems to desert their cause. Yet it hesitates to take any action which will really end subsidies and send the cost of living skyrocketing. Therefore (a) it has turned down all compromises which might give legislative sanction to a continuance of the subsidy program, and (b) it seems about to pass the Bankhead bill forbiding subsidies altogether, in the full knowledge that this bill will be vetoed by the President and it cannot muster the two-thirds majority to pass the bill over the veto. This action will, in effect, leave the administration free to use subsidies as before, while it records the votes of the majority in a way pleasing to the farm bloc.

We hope, however, that consumer and labor voters will not allow their congressional enemies this easy escape. The votes of the inflationists will be recorded, and those who cast these votes should be opposed in primaries and in the fall elections.

It is clear that those who oppose subsidies do so because they want the consumers to pay higher prices. The effect of the subsidy is to enlarge production by rewarding the producer, without passing this burden on to the retail purchaser. The cost to the government and the taxpayers is a mere fraction of the cost which would burden consumers if the subsidy were not paid. Furthermore, it obviates the stimulus to the inflationary spiral which would result from higher retail prices. Subsidies are an integral part of the successful price-control machinery in both Canada and Britain. Those who refuse to see these facts are in the main those who desire inflation, either because of greed for speculative profits or because of a wish to discredit the administration, no matter what happens to the country.

A Republican Carpenter

We have a lot of respect for carpenters, but it does not impress us in the least when William L. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters' Union, and his executive board come out against President Roosevelt. Our reasons are:

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1. Mr. Hutcheson, who has been a rock-ribbed Republican for years, never supported Mr. Roosevelt or the New Deal.

2. Mr. Hutcheson, who charges that the New Deal represents a paternalistic bureaucracy, for years retained his position without allowing the members of his union any chance to vote either for or against him. There is less means of knowing whether they approve his opinions than whether the Germans like Hitler.

3. The Carpenters' Union, under Mr. Hutcheson's dictatorship, has been one of the chief offenders in the building industry in the matter of jurisdictional hoggishness, monopolistic practices and opposition to technological improvement.

If the Republicans were canny, they would soft-pedal Mr. Hutcheson. But of course, they always leave themselves wide open. Incidentally, how about it, Westbrook Pegler?

Mr. Butler Still Protests

If you can get your hands on a copy of The Congressional Record for Thursday, January 20, 1944, we urge you to read the long speech of Sen. Hugh Butler of Nebraska. It is a pathetic document. Senator Butler, it will be remembered, was the author of the article in the December Reader's Digest denouncing our expenditures in Latin America. Among those expenditures he included the cost of operating the Panama Canal, the cost of raising food for our soldiers in territory near the Canal, government expenditures in Puerto Rico, the purchase of raw materials for war purposes in Latin America, loans which, to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, have already been paid back, and many other things. Mr. Butler now says lamely that he did not criticize *all* our expenditures in Latin America, but he certainly did not give any list of those he considers good and bad. Feeling, quite correctly, that his whole public reputation is at stake, Senator Butler inserts in The Congressional Record page after page of a statement by a certified public accountant regarding expenditures under the Good Neighbor policy. However, as TRB has already pointed out in our pages, the accountant did not investigate a single one of these items. He simply took a list of figures from Senator Butler and ran them up on the adding machine; any clerk could have done the same thing. Yet Senator Butler, in his speech, keeps referring to the report of the certified public accountant as though it authenticated his charges.

As a minor point: Senator Butler in his original speech confused 30,000 tons of rubber with 30,000 pounds. In his new speech he announced that he had corrected this error, yet he still makes the absurd charge that our government is spending $200 to $500 per pound for rubber, which was based upon the previous confusion between pounds and tons.

The heart-breaking fact about Senator Butler's performance is that in truth, we have made plenty of mistakes in Latin America, and the situation there richly deserves a public airing. But Senator Butler, apparently with the help of some men loaned him by The Reader's Digest, has made such a mess of the whole subject that any real investigation is now much more difficult. The Senator will never be able to live down his weird series of errors. He has done tremendous harm to the whole subject of Latin American relations and has done, so far as we can see, no good whatever.

Senator George Plans for the Future

The report on reconversion by Senator George's Committee on Postwar Policy and Planning furnishes whatever additional proof President Roosevelt may have needed to show that the attempted "purge" of 1938 was desirable. Certainly Senator George's was the dominant voice in shaping this unashamed bid for big-business control of our postwar economy. Just to make things absolutely clear, Senator George's report flatly states: "The paramount consideration in the handling of all demobilization problems should be the preservation and strengthening of the American system of free competitive enterprise." Anyone who had been so confused as to think that the paramount consideration in industrial demobilization was to ensure full employment and full production after the war was hereby given notice to put such notions out of his head.

The George Commitee recommends an Office of Demobilization—but not the sort that other congressional committees, labor and progressive groups have favored. The OD that the George report would establish would be "responsible to Congress rather than the Executive," and would report monthly to a joint congressional committee of three Senate and three House members, presumably a committee composed of men like Senator George. They would finally determine policy on contract cancellation, plant reconversion and disposal of surplus property, matters which will help to determine our economic future, good or bad.

All possible pressure should be applied for rejection of the George proposals when they come before Congress. The AFL, the CIO and other groups have offered sounder proposals, almost all of which agree that an over-all demobilization agency must be established under a commission representing management, labor and the public too. They deserve wider understanding and support. We suggest that you write to these organizations for their plans for our transition to peace and decide which one you want to support. Then support it with all your strength.

California and '44

California Democrats have filed the first ticket of delegates pledged to a fourth term for President Roosevelt. The Democratic State Campaign Committee

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has entered Mr. Roosevelt's name in the May preferential primaries at the top of a ticket of 56 national-convention delegates representing all factions of the party. Such harmony among all groups of Democrats is rare anywhere, and especially so in California. Members of the state's congressional delegation, who began the drive for a single Roosevelt slate months ago, and Attorney General Robert Kenny deserve most of the credit.

The 1944 elections have been even more interesting to Democratic politicians in the state since Rep. Thomas Ford announced that he will not seek reëlection to Congress from the Los Angeles district he has represented for six terms, but that he will support California's Democratic National Committeewoman Helen Gahagan, wife of screen star Melvyn Douglas, for the job. Helen Gahagan's record of hard work has earned her the respect of her fellow politicians. Tom Ford will be missed in the House, but Helen Gahagan can make a good representative and a worthy successor.

The rumors persist that Rep. Will Rogers intends to withdraw from Congress at the end of his term to reënter the army. Mr. Rogers' desire to be a front fighter in this war is easily understandable, but we join with the majority of California progressives who are insisting that he remain in Congress instead of "escaping" to the war. With Rogers out of the race, there is apparently great danger that the arch-reactionary former Rep. Leland Ford would be reëlected.

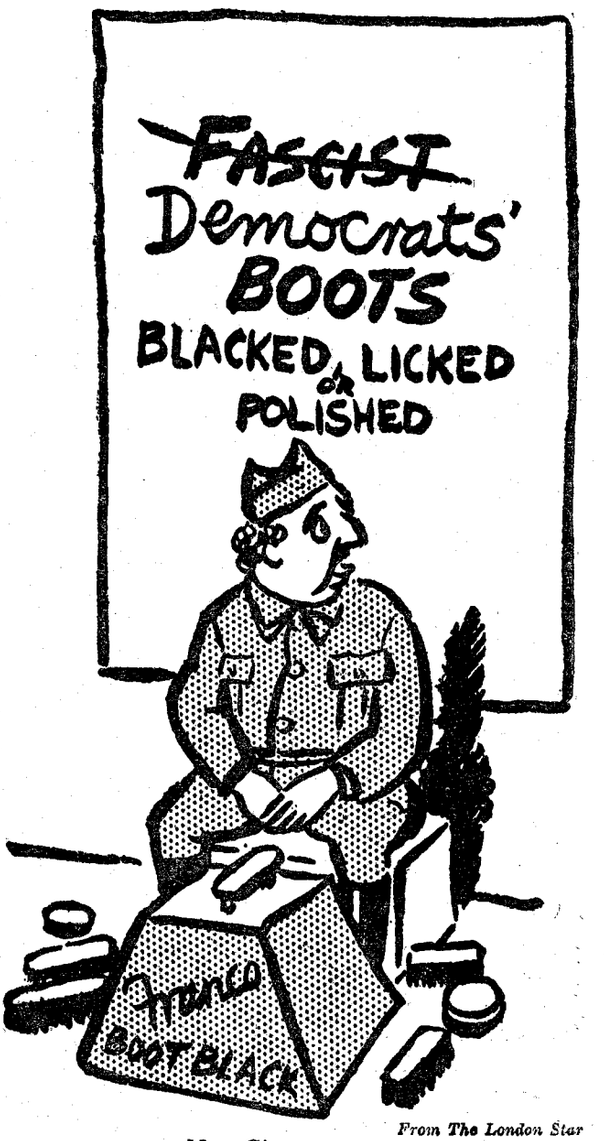
Henry Wallace and '44

Vice President Wallace was in San Francisco when the announcement of the unity slate of Democratic delegates for Roosevelt was announced. Mr. Wallace assured the press that he had nothing to do with this move, but watchful politicians cocked an eye at what they considered a very significant development. They guessed that the Vice President had quietly throttled that group of California Democrats who had been insisting on running a slate of delegates pledged to Roosevelt *and Wallace*, instead of to Roosevelt alone, for fear of causing a split in the party ranks. If their guess is correct, Mr. Wallace, as he proceeded on his tour, probably also discouraged similar moves known to have been developing in the state of Washington and other parts of the Northwest.

On the whole, this latest Wallace campaign trip must be rated a definite success. He attracted crowds and won new admirers wherever he went. Reports drifted back to Democratic headquarters in Washington from state leaders that Wallace showed real political appeal. But almost all the winter political bookmakers are agreed that Henry Wallace really needs only one vote to win the nomination for number-two man on the Democratic ticket again. And that vote is Mr. Roosevelt's.

That Tax Blank

Members of Congress are now promising us a simpler tax form for next year; but that is small consolation to millions of Americans who are wasting many thousands of days of time struggling with the needless intricacies of this year's form. It would take a good many strikes in war plants to duplicate the waste of our national energy that is involved. For the record let it be noted that the baffling character of this year's blank is at least 95 percent the fault of Congress. Competent experts assure us that there is almost nobody on either the House or the Senate tax committee that has any understanding of taxation; and Congress itself is no better than its committees. If you don't like this year's blank, you can do something about it at the polls next November. Give your vote to a man who not only pledges a simplified tax system, but also promises rates adequate to the needs of the war, and other measures appropriate to American participation in the greatest crisis in our history.



From The London Star

New Circumstances

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Russia's Sphere of Influence

ASIDE FROM THE OBJECTION of nationalist and other special interests to the attitude of the Soviet Union in eastern Europe, the major criticism has been that its insistence on unilateral decision, however justified its demands may be, cuts across the international coöperation which, it had been thought, had been established as a basis of future peace. According to this criticism, Soviet foreign policy is returning to the old practice of mapping out and protecting "spheres of influence." This was essentially an imperialist policy, and is diametrically opposed to the international equality and the universal consent which will be necessary if the United Nations or any successor is to be more than a name.

It is pointed out that Soviet delegates have been invited on terms of equality to join agencies dealing with Italy and with Europe as a whole; neither Britain nor the United States has sought to reserve these areas as special concerns of their own. Yet when it comes to Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, the Baltic states and presumably Finland or Rumania, the Soviet government seems to be following lines determined solely by itself, without bothering first to consult anyone else. If this is to be the practice, it is argued, then Britain may be expected to create her own sphere of influence in western Europe, the United States to establish one in the Western Hemisphere and China one in Asia. The world will be in effect carved up among competitive empires, the war danger will be heightened, and no room will be left for democratic international organization.

This argument, logical as it sounds, seems to us a fabric of flimsy semantics. A name that has accumulated bad associations in the past is arbitrarily applied to what Russia is doing in the neighborhood of her western boundary, and is by implication extended to the expression by any nation anywhere of any kind of special interest. It is also assumed that any action regarding the future international set-up which may be taken by one nation without consulting the rest is entirely incompatible with international government. This sort of thinking seems to us artificial in the extreme.

What is really meant by a "sphere of influence" and why is it incompatible with a democratic internationalism? In the old diplomatic terminology, it referred as a rule to a territory which was being developed and exploited by capital from a great power which claimed exclusive right to the sphere. Financial or commercial interests from competing powers were kept out. Political and military dominance, open or subtly concealed, usually followed the economic penetration. The territory might be near the great power concerned, or on the other side of the world. No thought of the wishes or welfare of the native population was usually involved, except as a defense against criticism. The sphere of influence was a sort of unlegalized colonial possession. It was the forerunner of the kind of treatment which the Nazi regime has attempted to apply to Europe itself, which Japan has tried to set up in Asia and the Pacific, and which both suggested, for purposes of propaganda, that the United States was seeking to establish in the Western Hemisphere.

If this were what the Soviet Union was attempting to do in eastern Europe, the criticism would be justified. Whenever Russia takes any action, if she does so, which merits this description, The New Republic will be among the first to object. But as we understand the situation, the term is hardly applicable, in its old meaning.

Two considerations have mainly governed Soviet policy in this area. First, it is asserted that certain fairly well defined and bordering strips of territory either have joined or must become a part of the Soviet Union, not as colonial posssesions but as integral parts of the Union. These are, reading from south to north, Bessarabia, which Rumania took by force of arms, those parts of the Ukraine and White Russia which were seized by Poland in 1920, the three Baltic States which were separated from Russia after the last war, and Finnish Karelia. The reasons are partly historical, partly strategic and partly dependent on the nature and interests of the populations. They are in general similar to the claim of France to Alsace-Lorraine in 1919, or that of the United States to Texas and California in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Second, the Soviet government insists that those neighbors to the west which are independent must have democratic governments willing to remain on terms of friendship with the USSR. This aim has been expressed positively by the treaty with Czecho-Slovakia, and negatively by the refusal to negotiate with the Polish government in London or the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile associated with Mihailovich. From the case of Czecho-Slovakia it is obvious that this does not imply any demand on the part of the Soviet Union that the governments in question be communist-dominated, or even socialist in character, or that the countries in question surrender their independence or grant Russia any special economic favors. It is merely an insistence that they do not offer breeding grounds for intrigue against the Soviet Union, and that in any future war they will be on the same side.

If this can justly be called a sphere of influence, then the words are being used in a sense that do not suggest their association with nineteenth-century imperialism. They mean rather something much more like the "good-neighbor" policy of the United States in Latin America. We support a friendly government in Mexico, and have been at some pains to see that other American nations join us in opposing German and Japa-

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nese aggression. We now refuse to recognize what we believe to be a pro-Axis government in Bolivia. Canada is in something like the same relationship to us that Czecho-Slovakia bears to Russia. We have not thought it necessary to consult our allies in formulating these policies and in making the treaties or taking the other diplomatic decisions which express them. It never occurs to us that they need prevent us from sincerely taking a full part in democratic international organization in the future.

The Monroe Doctrine, as understood in past years by our Latin American neighbors, was much more like the old sphere of influence of the objectionable type. Literally, it was merely a unilateral warning that European nations must not add to their territory on this side of the Atlantic. In this sense it still stands. Those whom it was supposed to protect disliked it, however, not because they had any wish to be conquered by European imperialists, but because, first, they did not participate in it, and second, they understood that it offered no protection against United States Marines or economic imperialism. Since then it has been mutualized, and this country has been scrupulous in not demanding exclusive privileges. If we had recently suffered invasion by Japan or Germany through Mexico, and now demanded no more in the way of cooperative neighboring governments than Russia is demanding, we should be at a loss to understand why any of our allies should complain. Especially so if the invasion had cost us millions of lives, untold suffering and the temporary loss of the richest part of our country.

The special interest of the United States in the affairs of the Western continents does not mean that it regards other nations in them as satellites, or that nations of other continents cannot buy from, sell to or invest in these nations on the same terms. It does not mean that the American nations cannot be fully participating members in an international organization of worldwide scope. Neither, we believe, does the kind of sphere of influence which Russia is seeking in the Balkans, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland or Finland mean any of those things. The United States would not, however, be content to rely solely upon any world league which is as yet in an embryo stage to protect itself and its neighbors against possible enemies. It is scarcely unreasonable for the Soviet Union to adopt a similar attitude.

It is of course possible that these judgments as to the motives and aims of the Soviet Union are mistaken. Perhaps its rulers are following some hidden and Machiavellian course which we do not understand. But no development so far indicates that this is so. That issue would have to be faced if Russia tried to annex all of Finland or Rumania, or denied an independent existence to Poland, or made imperialistic demands on the Scandinavian nations or Turkey. Meanwhile it must be remembered that the judgment here registered does not rest on any such fatuous supposition as that the Soviet government is moved by altruistic idealism in international affairs, or indeed by anything but intelligent self-interest. Is it not a fact, however, that its interest does not demand large acquisitions of territory and exploitation of foreign populations? Is it not a fact that interest is overwhelmingly concerned with one aim alone—immunity from attack and a chance for internal reconstruction and development? This has been the case now for many years, and it is reasonable to suppose that it will continue to be the case for many years more.

Have We a Foreign Policy?

SECRETARY CORDELL HULL, after having renovated the organization of the State Department, has just promised another renovation to come. It seems that still more bureaus are to be shifted around, and two or three new Assistant Secretaries of State are to be added. However much these signs of stir and wide-awakeness are to be welcomed, one wonders whether they will reach beyond a reshuffling of the State Department furniture, to the essential foreign policies by which this nation will live or die.

Some recent events have raised the question of what the American foreign policy is, particularly with respect to the new Europe which is slowly emerging from the darkness of Hitler's tyranny. On the surface, at least, the trend seems to be toward a more liberal foreign policy. We have finally spoken with the necessary harshness to Generalissimo Franco. There are reports that we shall soon give full recognition to the French Committee of National Liberation, and the Lincoln Day speech of President Roosevelt constituted the first recognition of the importance of the French underground. And there is an understanding that when our armies get to Rome, it will be the signal for proclaiming a new Italian government, with the King and Crown Prince out, being replaced perhaps by a regency under Badoglio.

It is an ironic commentary on our past foreign policy that all these can quite rightly be claimed as moves in the liberal direction. In a situation of total darkness even a sputtering candle may seem like a great light. We are now getting ready to do, belatedly and grudgingly, a small part of what we should have done long ago. But this is not enough. Foreign policy should be conceived not in terms of straggling after the past, but in terms of organizing the future.

It is here that even the newly bruited moves of the State Department fall down completely. It seems that all our big talk about Franco is only a preliminary to a policy of keeping him more nearly neutral than he has been. There is little evidence that the men of the State Department hold it against him that he achieved

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power only through the help of Hitler. There is little evidence that they have ceased to regard him as a Christian gentleman who saved Spain from Bolshevism, even though he ought to behave in a more seemly fashion. And there is no evidence at all that they would welcome the formation of an anti-Franco and anti-fascist government for the Spanish people, such as a combination of the Negrín and Prieto groups.

All this makes terribly little sense when we consider that there is no longer any danger from a declaration of war against us by Franco. We can govern our policy toward him not on the basis of weakness, but on the basis of strength. Franco has enlisted against us his Blue Division, his whole diplomatic corps, his Falangist propagandists, his espionage service. We can enlist against him nearly the whole of the Spanish people. Franco's regime is only a praetorian guard in the midst of a hostile population. When our invading armies reach the European continent we have only to say the word, and that regime will fall.

But the State Department will not allow the word to be said. For it has shown time and again that it fears a democratic revolution in Spain even more than it fears Franco.

And that applies to Italy as well. Whatever may be the rumors of our later intentions, the most recent actual move of ours was to hand over southern Italy to the Badoglio regime under King Victor Emmanuel. And that is the sum total of our policy toward Italy as of today. Our military commanders are reported as having expressed surprise and disappointment because the Allied armies have not received more help from the Italian people. But surely this is naïve. We come presumably as liberators. But we leave the monarch, under whom Italy embraced fascism. We leave the generals, who supported it and who switched only when the going became too tough. We leave much of the corrupt petty officialdom which battened on fascism. We leave the whole landholding system which kept the peasant population in poverty and semi-serfdom. We leave an exploiting capitalism which worked hand in hand with the fascists. And we are surprised when, in the face of this, the Italian people do not show more enthusiasm and do not lay down their lives to help our advancing armies.

Nor is this idle theorizing, nor a bloodless battle of the categories. American soldiers in Italy are paying with their lives for the blindness of State Department policy toward the Italian people. The bloody struggle now in process on the Anzio beachhead and at Cassino would have been much less bloody for us if—quite apart from considerations of military strategy—we had been able to inspire the Italians to rise against the Germans, and to fight them as guerrillas behind the German lines. This is at least one case where all the military considerations, as well as all the political ones, are against State Department policy, and not for it.

We are now planning other invasions of the Continent, in addition to the Italian: perhaps through France, perhaps through Yugoslavia, perhaps through Greece and Bulgaria. Our commanders and our armies hope eventually to be marching through Germany. They will need the moral support, the active military aid, the wholehearted enthusiasm for our cause, of all these peoples. What are we doing, in the way of foreign policy, to enlist them?

The answer is that thus far we have no foreign policy that is even remotely adequate to the task ahead of it. It has become fairly clear that the men of the State Department are now disillusioned with the Francos, the Pétains, the Darlans, the Badoglios. For they did not prove good investments. But the men of the State Department still shrink from the prospect of recognizing and accepting the forces of democratic revolution in Europe. Thus they are caught between a shrunken illusion and a monstrous fear. The result is hesitation, inaction, formal legalism, mumbo-jumbo. The result is not foreign policy, but a set of gestures to exorcise the phantom of revolution.

Some of the State Department officials have reportedly said that the future will be a struggle between us and the Russians for the soul of Europe. Let us take them at their own word. Let us assume this is true. The absence of a militantly democratic American foreign policy toward Europe could only mean that the Russians will win the chief allegiance of the western European countries. For it would mean that they alone know what they want, they alone understand the energies and aspirations of the European peoples, they alone have the dynamic necessary to organize a new Europe.

The fall of Hitlerism will mean that a vacuum will be left in the European structure, in the European consciousness. American energies can help fill that vacuum, without any necessary conflict with Russian energies. But under the present State Department policy, or lack of policy, they can do nothing.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, ISAAC ROSENFELD

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

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Advertising in Wartime[1]

ADVERTISING is a wonderful way to sell goods. American industry discovered that years ago. Manufacturers wanting to sell more goods did more advertising, with excellent results. This war presents a poser. There are no manufacturers seeking to expand their sales at this time. There are instead acute shortages. Advertising logically should be at its lowest ebb. But no. Advertising in all media, says the United States Department of Commerce, has increased about 60 percent over the prewar level. This plethora is, the advertising agencies say, designed to keep brand names before the public, so that when peace comes each of us will have on the tip of his tongue the well known names of the Purely Plastics and Chemical Company and the Home Aluminum and Brass Corporation. Perhaps you don't remember these brands from before the war and wonder what it is they make that you should remember to ask your dealer for after the war. You may well wonder—for these companies, and many others like them, which are now lavishly advertising, never did make a finished product for you to buy. They have been, and in all probability will be, selling only to manufacturers after the war; and it will help neither the advertiser nor you to ask whether your postwar car has cylinders machined by the Home Aluminum and Brass Corporation and an instrument board fabricated by Purely.

Ivory Soap and Wheaties have something in the argument that they should be permitted to keep their brand names before the public. The value of their activities in that direction should be estimated on its merits. Purely and other obscure names, though, have nothing to remind the public of and nothing to dispose of but a lot of war profits which can be spent to glorify an ego, serve a political or economic purpose or be diverted from the payment of income taxes. Let's go over these reasons, for in general, separately or in combination, they are a prime mover in the majority of wartime advertising whether or not that advertising also fulfills the understandable purpose of protecting a brand name or of acquainting the public with conservation measures, nutritional innovations, manpower and bond campaigns.

Advancing the ego is a human enough trait. Were it not that paper, printing and labor are short, it could be regarded as one of the simpler abuses in our American economy, comparable to a rich man giving his debutante daughter a $25,000 debut. And yet paper, printing and labor are not the only factors basic to an estimate of whether the wartime manufacturer should be indulged. The money spent for advertising would, if left unspent, go to the Treasury Department, where it would help pay for the war. The story told in the advertisement, too many times, attempts to convince the public that Purely Plastics is practically winning the war single-handed and leaves no doubt that all industry together is giving us our victories.

This claiming of credit for all the successes of our war efforts has reached such lengths that it has not only angered critics of advertising; it has burned up the boys in the services and it has frightened business and advertising leaders, who visualize the harvest of this crop of dragon's teeth. Speaking to a group of industrialists, the vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers observed that if this trend kept up, the boys in the foxholes would, on their return, be forced to employ a press agent to convince the public that soldiers, too, had something to do with our victory. Printers' Ink is one of the leading publications of the advertising business. It is articulate in defense of advertising. Yet its president, C. R. Larrabee, used a front-page editorial to say:

> With a bull-headed cynicism utterly out of keeping with the times, some advertisers continue to use themes and tricks that were unpleasant enough in prewar days but seem outrageous today.
>
> Others try to climb aboard the wartime bandwagon by using a war theme for products that are remotely, if at all, related to our victory effort.
>
> A few are still so unimaginative as to think that the public will believe that without their products the war might well be lost.
>
> To all these may be added the advertisers who insipidly congratulate themselves because they are doing no more and no less than what any patriotic citizen should be doing.

Thus Mr. Larrabee, and I think it speaks well for a trade publication and its head when he rings the bell with words as apt as these. Mr. Larrabee prefaced his remarks by saying that all this is being done by a "comparatively small group of unimaginative, unpatriotic men." Observation does not, unfortunately, bear him out. And the observation does not necessarily have to be scholarly, for you can and have made your own. I'll cite one example. The companies mentioned below include almost all of the electrical industry, and Printer's Ink lists their combined 1942 advertising expenditures —on magazine and radio alone—in excess of $6,000,000. Obviously, this is no little group on the fringe of advertising.

One of the great inventions of this war has been the radio locater. This electronic instrument did much to save England from the air blitz and it has been of great

[1] This is the sixth of a series of articles. The seventh will be "Magazine Publishing in Wartime," by Richard H. Rovere. – THE EDITORS

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value to us. The details were announced by the army not long ago, and while the mystery of how it operated was then lifted, a greater mystery came into being. For as quickly as they could get advertising copy into print, each company manufacturing such equipment claimed it as its own private, exclusive achievement. Full pages blazoned Philco's claim to having invented it. This was quickly followed by Bendix's proud boast that an engineer now in their employ did it. Westinghouse told an intriguing story of how one of its engineers found it right in his own laboratory, as strange waves bounced back to him from the walls of neighboring buildings. RCA had an equally exciting story. General Electric was more sedate, acknowledging that others in the industry had, along with GE, developed the device.

Across the ocean the English, learning of all these claims, tartly let go with the British equivalent of a Bronx cheer and announced that they themselves had invented it. Nationalism then raised its never too submerged head and our navy told in detail of how the invention was developed right in New York Harbor. And the army put it back on the restricted list and now nobody can really solve the great "whodunit." Now I ask you.

Perhaps that did no one any more harm than is done when a group of fishermen, gathered around a fire, exchange whoppers. But that advertising did represent money spent, which would otherwise have gone to the government; and it represented labor, materials and transport—all of which, in other advertisements, are deemed essential by these same manufacturers.

Curtiss-Wright has never been a big advertiser. It is not even listed with those who spent $100,000 or more in 1942. Yet Curtiss-Wright spent more than $12,000 to tell the country that its "Helldiver" plane was the best dive bomber in the world. Their advertising appeared a couple of days after the Truman Committee had lambasted Curtiss-Wright for inefficiency and had stated that not one Helldiver had as yet been built. The committee, acting as public conscience, was justifiably annoyed. Its comment:

> The committee believes that this practice of self-praise at the expense of the government is not salutary, and recommends that the matter of advertising costs be investigated by the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the purpose of determining the amounts which should be paid to the government as income taxes and by the agencies charged with obtaining, through renegotiation, the return of excessive profits.

The committee makes a couple of telling points here. But on the fighting fronts the soldiers add up the score too. A London staff member of the National Broadcasting Company reported his observations to none other than the Association of National Advertisers. The reporter had flown in an United States Army transport over the bare mountains of Algiers. Twelve tired, unshaved combat pilots were in that ship. They had been fighting German planes. Some had lost their friends, had seen planes crash. The boys found a couple of current magazines in the plane. One by one, they leafed through the pages. One spoke for all when he snapped a magazine shut and said, "Damn these advertisements." The advertisement which had this last-straw effect, had to do with a plane. That plane would, the reader was informed, go higher, fly faster, dive quicker and generally do better than any other plane in the world. The Messerschmitt or the Focke-Wulf just wasn't in the same league. Yet the flyer knew better. In his own words, here was his estimate: "I have been flying this plane for two months. I have been in many fights. Those things in the ad just aren't true! She's not a bad type for some things, but I have seen too many fellows get killed. Our squadron has done well, but it is because we figured out ways and means of outthinking the Luftwaffe."

So neither we at home nor the boys at the front like this kind of thing, yet it continues. Speakers before advertising meetings warn of the danger, but it goes on. With it goes money that would otherwise come to the government. I'm tolerant about many of the abuses in advertising because I think advertising is a lusty creature. In peacetime its boasting is more often bad taste than viciousness. It has accomplished effective mass education for new products and services even while scaring the self-confidence out of most of us with halitosis, B.O. and other such inventions of luncheon gatherings in the Waldorf Men's Bar. It seems to me that, though wasteful, advertising has been an instrument for good in our mass-production apparatus. It has sold the goods, and that has been its decisive role. Every time it has left the field of selling goods or services to try to sell ideas it has been wrong, inept and out of tune with the public's needs and aspirations. Just recall the advertising program of industry throughout the depression: "What helps industry helps you," and the lovely flag-draped cottage which was displayed as the symbol of the American Way of Life on the nation's billboards for the edification of jobless workers in whose pockets the rustle was not of folding money but of legal paper on which was printed "Notice of Foreclosure."

We're in the midst of that one again. Only this time the advertisement of ideas is basic to our whole future. The boasting plays a part in it. Executives see it this way. Right now, industry is regarded by the public as having done a good job in wartime and labor is in disfavor. If the point is continually hammered home that industry, in spite of labor, has done this stupendous job, then the postwar world will accept lower taxes and fewer restrictions on profits, along with more political coöperation from industry. Thus is the simple bragging complicated. Henry Wallace assailed the railroads, but they were far ahead of him in reaching the

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public, glorifying their wartime job in song and story and advertisements. Who remembers Anaconda Copper's defective wire in the face of the advertisements claiming that their herculean efforts resulted in the production of more copper than was ever produced anywhere before? How many can name the steel company whose technical executives betrayed the engineer's credo by deliberately falsifying measuring instruments? Not many. The idea of industry's virtue and achievement is being sold.

Not only that idea. Consider the phenomenon of the most read advertisement of this year. It is an inspirational message in full color. The voice is that of the yearning, lonesome soldier telling what kind of an America he wants when he returns. The music is strictly Nash Kelvinator, which paid for the advertisement. The theme is "Don't Change Anything!" Not Nash alone but most other industrialists are plugging that theme—using different voices in the air, on the ground, on the water, in national magazines and on the radio to sell us the idea.

The idea is definitely not related to products. It does not mean unchanged car models, nor is it a plea to give us back the old baseburner and perish the thought of that electronically controlled heat conditioner. "Don't Change Anything" excludes the wonderful world of tomorrow's mechanical devices. It deals, short and simple as it is, with vital political, social and economic factors. It commits the country to the status quo with what the economists call a base year of about 1928. In the face of this slogan, postwar conversion is to be without benefit of government guidance—most certainly without the cushion of publicly supported housing, social security and increasingly stable labor relations.

The Nash advertisement, so nostalgic and so full of the atmosphere of autumn leaves and chicken dinners, appeals superficially to many. It sounds and looks to a war-weary world like a return to the good old times. But its success depends on silencing other positive points of view. The first big success in this all-important direction was the elimination of the domestic program of the Office of War Information. Here the War Advertising Council, full-dress organization of the advertising agencies, finds its function. From where industrialists sat, they could see no need for the "propaganda" of the OWI on the home front as long as advertisers were willing and eager to coöperate by promoting government campaigns as their own contribution. It is the program of the War Advertising Council to explain the war themes to the individual advertiser and to tell him how to handle them. The campaigns deal with every war subject: war bonds, recruiting manpower, keeping workers on the job, changing food habits, nutrition, avoidance of black markets, support of rationing, manning ration boards, curbing travel, combating rumors and a score of others.

The slogan of the War Advertising Council is "A War Message in Every Ad!" The Council urges all advertisers to (1) devote the entire space of *some* of their advertising to war messages and (2) continue their regular advertising but see to it that *every ad* devotes *some* space to a war message. The italics are quoted. Now all that sounds much better than it really is. Almost all this advertising is paid for by the government, from which, during this and every other war, all profits flow. The OWI would be doing it and, in selling war needs, be projecting the wants of peace. More important—it would do it without giving the reader the impression that the Jones Company is so extra patriotic that it pays its good dollars to urge you to save your fats. Shouldering the OWI out of the picture paved the way for selling America all over again on an all-important idea that industry is not only winning the war with production but is much more devoted to the public interest than is government, now prohibited from telling the story, or than labor, which is without the funds or the technique to enter the field.

There can be no doubt that the promotion of war campaigns has been a sincere and single-minded effort by some advertisers. There is as little doubt that it is, in the minds of most advertisers, not only good patriotism but excellent public relations. And it is, for the recent Fortune poll shows the decided rise in public esteem for industry and the corresponding drop in the stock of labor. By a combination of brag and exclusive patriotism, the groundwork is laid for the sale of political and economic ideas. Industry is cheered and celebrates, in its own language, its exit "out of the doghouse." A nice roomy spot, provided the rest of us are not lured into permanent residence in the cramped quarters so recently vacated by industry.

During the last war advertising had quite a different career. Far from becoming the most potent source of idea-dissemination and booming its volume 60 percent, it declined month by month. L. D. H. Weld, director of research for McCann-Erickson, Inc., one of the largest agencies, shows that in April of 1917 the Printers' Ink Index of General Advertising Activity stood at over 70. It started downward almost immediately and stayed down until after the Armistice. In this war it began with an index of 90, and after declining until May, 1942, rose and has continued to soar to well above the prewar average. The initial spurt in May, 1942, came when advertising was told by Washington that its expenditures, if reasonable, would not be subject to inclusion as profits, and therefore taxed. To my knowledge that assurance was the missing ingredient in the last war. The first fruits of the boom in this war's advertising came in the form of institutional advertising, which told the public that the Doakes Machine Company had been in business 75 years and pictured a horse and buggy in contrast to

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their present plant. With the organization of the War Advertising Council, advertising became better integrated and began to relate the individual company to the war. Along with national advertising, this took the form of lavish, direct-by-mail pieces such as the many-paged, profusely illustrated "Vital for Victory," which says the accompanying letter, "graphically portrays Procter and Gamble's contribution on three fronts—the Fighting, the Production, and the Home Front." In this category, too, is the advertising agency's presentation, which points with pride and with statistics to the fact that big advertising radio programs contributed $90,000,000 worth of time and talent to the government in 1942. Right now, we are told, this contribution in radio alone amounts to $8,000,000 monthly. Listed as contributors are the Jack Benny, the Aldrich family and many other programs. Apparently the idea is that Jack Benny is no longer plugging Grape-Nuts Flakes and any connection between the commercial which precedes him, interrupts him and succeeds him is purely coincidental—and all because a Message From Our Government, delivered in an all CAPS voice, is included. Yet the advertisement which proclaims this is the house ad of Young and Rubicam, America's largest agency, whose executives are leaders in condemning bragging in advertising generally.

"Keep 'Em Remembering" is the slogan of the Blue Network. Basically, this cry is at the bottom of much that is heard over the networks. Not just brands and trade names, but the good old days and who your friends really are. If in the process of achieving that objective a radio program of entertainment is turned from patriotism to selfishness, it is not surprising.

Only national advertising in magazines, newspapers and on the networks is being discussed here. The department stores and the retailers who have used local newspaper space and radio time to beat the drum for luxury buying and, too often, for crude invitations to hoarding, are a separate problem. There are, however, in the national picture, business-initiated advertising plans for organizations. One that died aborning was the recent attempt of a group of Middle Western industrialists to sell the American Legion on the idea of a $20,000,000 advertising program, paid for by industrialists and plugging the "Free Enterprise" system. They were more successful with the 2,200 Kiwanis clubs whose business and professional membership is linked with the Kiwanis International. At their wartime council meeting last June, this organization went overboard for an advertising campaign paced by the slogan, "Keep America American." Hopefully the initiators eye the activities of other organizations for evidence that this rivulet will become a flood. Again, here, the theme song, "Don't Change Anything," is the basic idea. And though it assumes wondrous garb, underneath the false whiskers good old Status Quo is giving forth.

Only when it turns to its primary function, the selling of goods and services, does advertising go overboard for the future. GE visualizes a glass and plastic house in front of every two-car garage, said house to be replete with electric-eye door openers, automatic garbage disposal and a kitchen that practically does the shopping for you. Durez shows you a helicopter built to fit in your yard. The airplane companies illustrate tomorrow's transport planes with sky liners reminiscent of the Normandie's size. Tear-drop motor cars, with motors in the back, roomy and cheap, are projected for you. The list is long, the products—mechanical, chemical and electrical—are pictured with boldness and imagination. It is only because manufacturers have nothing to sell customers with money and wants, and therefore offer what seems to be pie in the sky to a population wanting radios and furnaces now, that we have sickened of the whole school of the wonderful-world-of-tomorrow advertising. For in itself it excites the imagination and offers hope that good material things await us all after the trials of war. Advertising does that well—but too much–what with the tremendous amount of money they have to spend. In this dream-world advertising they show, too, a sad lack of foresight, for all industrialists and most advertising executives agree that the first models of automobiles and other articles will necessarily be the prewar models, for no new tools and dies have been made since the beginning of the war. Perhaps this hurdle of the immediate postwar future is just exuberance, since advertising has ever been a shade overoptimistic. But in spite of these criticisms, advertising is doing a job in this field, and in the three or four years following the war, industry will have those goods on the market, for American industry is capable of progressive thinking about the things it makes. Quite the opposite of the "Don't Change Anything" motif in the field of ideas.

The latter is the nub of the problem. Advertising in wartime has changed its character. Devoted no longer to the promotion of products and services which it cannot currently deliver, it has become instead a primary weapon in the sale of social and economic ideas. To do this, it elbowed the OWI out of the domestic field and took over a function belonging to government. Its bragging ranges from crude to subtle, all contributing to a one-sided, overweighted picture of industry's contribution to the war—at the expense of the effort of the soldiers, the farmers and the workers. At the expense, too, of government, since the excess spending would go into taxes. Finally, the theme underlying wartime advertising is retrogressive. "Don't Change Anything" epitomizes a goal that is sure to create difficulties and dissension in a postwar world full of problems. Instilled deeply enough, it can frustrate international collaboration as well as domestic progress.

"MADISON AVENUE"

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Postwar Planning in Britain

BRITAIN has yet to have her New Deal, but if one percent of the present output of plans is ever realized, this country is heading for one. The planning is impressively serious; it is bewilderingly diverse; but of course it is all on paper.

When the Beveridge Report first appeared, it had a reception most unusual for White Papers. Overnight it got into the music-hall gag and the street-corner conversation. Sir William had to remind the public gently that he had only written a report: now it was up to the government and Parliament to decide if and when and how much it should be implemented. Since then a year has gone by. Recently Sir William told the public that the government had had long enough to think and decide. The public has in fact made up its mind, rightly or wrongly, that the Beveridge Plan has been shelved. So while the planning goes on apace, it is against a background of popular doubt, mingled with fear.

Official blessing for the idea of planning peace, even in midwar, came from the highest quarter when Mr. Churchill made his famous "Four Year Plan" broadcast. That was six months ago. In a recent leading article, The London Times was reproachful that no more had been done to indicate the general framework within which the specific plans would have to fit.

It is true that the government has made few explicit declarations. It seems most probable that there is insufficient agreement within its ranks for any combined utterance, but as the end of the war looms up, there is more disposition to allow differences on postwar policy to affect unity on war policy. An example has been the debate on the coal-mining industry. During this debate, Mr. Churchill intervened to say two important things: first, that there could be no nationalization of the mines without a general election; second, that the miners could count on continued government control over the coal industry after the war—at least until a general election: a clear indication that on major issues there can be no decision without a fresh mandate from the electorate. It is an unfortunate situation, because the country badly needs an injection of faith in the future.

Meanwhile there is competition not only between plan and anti-plan, but between plans on behalf of the state, plans on behalf of organized industrialists and plans on behalf of organized labor. A brief survey must first take account of anti-plan, the theory of all-against-all as the highest form of liberty. This has its government spokesman in Captain Balfour, Undersecretary of State for Air. Corresponding to this anti-plan attitude is the "little man" propaganda in Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express: there is a certain suspicion that the "little man" is being mobilized to fight the Big Man's battles.

More striking are the plans avowedly put forward by the Big Men, such as the "National Plan for Industry" which appeared about a year ago with the signatures of 120 leading industrialists, including Lords Melchett and McGowan of Imperial Chemical Industries and continuing the tradition of the "Mond" group of employers who promoted a policy of collaboration with the trade unions in the interests of industrial peace, after the General Strike of 1926. Their manifesto somewhat put into the shade another one issued by the Federation of British Industries, the leading representative body for industry in matters of trade as opposed to labor policy. The latter stated that: "In our opinion, the future organization of industry should be decided by the industrialists." The "Hundred and Twenty" suggested an organized hierarchy of trade associations, with a central Council of Industry, which might be granted powers "to make regulations and to enforce decisions," membership in the associations being compulsory. Such "corporative" suggestions have been widely criticized, as constituting an *imperium in imperio* which might seriously undermine the authority of Parliament. It is interesting, however, to remember that some years before the war, Mr. Churchill in his Romanes Lecture advocated an Economic Parliament, permanent and non-party, to deal with major industrial problems. A similar suggestion is made in J. R. Bellerby's newly published "Economic Reconstruction," perhaps the most comprehensive and well conceived of all the blueprints. Another great combine, Lever Brothers and Unilever, Ltd., issued its own pamphlet on "The Problem of Unemployment," decidedly opposing the idea of a compulsory organization of industry by its own corporate action. In an important article in The Economic Journal, another leading industrialist, Samuel Courtauld, stipulated that both trade associations and trade unions should be under government control.

If asked to state their own viewpoint on postwar control of industry, the leaders of the trade-union movement could legitimately reply that they were already working out a solution of these problems in the early thirties. Trade Union Congresses, from 1932 to 1936, were considering detailed schemes for the nationalization of iron and steel, cotton and coal. After 1936, these discussions were overshadowed by international events, but at the 1943 Trade Union Congress it was agreed to set up a special staff for the preparation of blueprints for individual industries. It cannot be said that the Congress this year showed any marked enthusiasm for reconstruction topics, though for the miners, at any rate, nationalization is a burning issue, now as in 1918. Herbert Morrison's speeches, pointing the middle way to a mixed economy in which private

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enterprise and state enterprise should both play their part, seem to accord with the general trend of labor opinion. But there is an important difference between Morrison and the trade-union leaders as to who should control the nationalized sectors of industry. The trade unions claim a statutory right to take part in management, while Morrison wants managers appointed solely on grounds of merit.

There remain to be considered those state planners who, in Whitehall or out of it, wish the government to intervene more effectively and continuously, and where necessary to override producer interests on behalf of the consumers. It is difficult to foresee how far they can succeed, if only because public opinion in the broad sense is only gradually being educated to the issues involved. Organizations like PEP, Nuffield College, Chatham House and many others are hard at work preparing and collating plans. When the government appoints committees and commissions, these invariably seem to recommend measures more drastic than the government can readily or rapidly accept. The government "must not be hustled . . . must have time to think." Sectional interests have to be consulted and reconciled. Because as a nation we have adopted the evolutionary path, we find that our institutions, with all their historic multiformity, lag behind the necessities of the hour. But we must not impose new patterns on them hastily—that would not be the British way. Behind the slogans of preserving private enterprise and private liberty, it is institutional conservatism which stands between the planners and their dreams. Meantime the broad masses are uneasily waiting for what they fear may be a chilly dawn.

London CHARLES MADGE

War and Peace in Miami

In the so-called "greater miami" area of south Florida a bitter if unconscious battle is in progress between the purveyors and receivers of joy on the one hand and the men and women of the armed forces on the other. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, most of the hundreds of hotels and many of the apartment houses in the region were "taken over"—mainly by the air forces and the navy in desperate need of ready-made, large-scale housing facilities for geometrically expanded training programs. At that time, terrified landholders regarded the military leases as welcome; their costs were carried by the government, they received about six-percent profit and they were assured of payment for damage; the deal represented hope in the face of what had promised to be a calamitous winter season—a season of no gas, bad transportation and no tourists. Some of the hotels became hospitals; most became barracks. By day and by night the jasmine-scented reaches of the Golconda of the flesh rang with the sound of marching.

The civilian population settled down to its khaki-colored existence—apparently for the duration. That winter, the racing season died a-borning. There had long been oil on the beaches and the shock of bomb and heavy gun where the ASW fleet was fighting it out with the U-boats in sight of land. It was, plainly, not a comfortable place to luxuriate in.

Last summer, however, the air forces' program was diverted in part to more formal military areas. A hundred or more of the hotels, and dozens of apartment houses, were restored to their owners via a 30-day cancellation clause. The United States Navy drove off the subs, and the dim-out, which had turned the tropical streets into Lethes, was lifted. Here was a prospect for a certain amount of "normal" business and the local wizards went to work early to enlarge upon the prospect through publicity and advertising. By autumn the campaign was beginning to pay off and the prospects for a boom season were palpable to myriads long trained in the detection of such an omen. Reservations for hotel and railroad accommodations were above average. The collection of garbage—Miami's method of counting noses—was getting heavier every week.

The "season" broke early and big. Now, in the middle of it, the dominant note of khaki has been diluted by a non-military note of sports clothes. The race track at Hialeah is taking in more than $600,000 a day—one day it made a record by passing $1,000,000—and the dog tracks do as much as $100,000 apiece at night. Out-of-state license tags vie for frequency, on some of the palm-lined thoroughfares, with Florida plates. Real estate is changing hands at million-dollar tunes which represent vast forward jumps. The beaches are deep in vacation humanity, the nightclubs are roaring in spite of a midnight curfew on drinks and Midas has moved back to Miami, where most of the local people think he belongs, anyway. Prices are unprintable and there are in practice more ways to get around gasoline rationing, liquor shortages and OPA rent ceilings than there were ways to get into a speakeasy during prohibition.

This situation has worked excruciating hardship on military personnel. For, into the Miami area are now coming American wounded from various operational theatres, American air crews for rest and reassignment to new duties, and American naval officers and men in the sub-chaser school on new types of anti-submarine craft. Many of these men have been overseas for a year or more, and of that many, thousands will again be sent overseas. Thus their Miami interlude repre-

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sents a mere hiatus in battle and their only chance to see their wives and families for any length of time during the respite. From the standpoint of morale and of the war effort it is more important that these thousands should be able to have their families briefly at their sides than it is that civilians should loaf on hot beaches or get cock-eyed in nightclubs.

Both the army and the navy seem unable or unwilling to house these myriad families. Most rents are on a "seasonal" basis; landlords will not rent for a shorter period to accommodate service rulings; and sergeants and seamen cannot pay two or three thousand dollars for a one-room apartment, or even a thousand dollars for shabby quarters over somebody's garage.

Women and children walk the streets. They have slept in borrowed automobiles. Thousands of them, after a desolate tour of the area and a multitude of nasty experiences with landlords who were waiting for the big money and would not take servicemen's wives, or any children at all, gave up and went back home. "This should be regarded," one property-owner said to a girl I know, "as an overseas area. You army wives shouldn't be allowed here." Only civilians with five or ten thousand dollars to spend on a winter vacation should be allowed, evidently.

It was necessary for the army and navy, in January, to take some steps to alleviate the situation and a few hotels and apartment houses have now been set aside for the families of men in service. Not enough, but some. A man who has fought in the Pacific for a year and who has six weeks in America before going back to fight, resents it if a mob of popping-pursed pleasure seekers prevent him, through mere price-competition, from spending those six weeks with his wife. The foregoing is to be regarded as an understatement: the general attitude of service men and women toward Miami has recently bordered upon maniacal fury.

These men do not understand, of course, that such price-competition is common, if crazed, in any good season in south Florida. This year is a mere exaggeration of other years. Miami has always lived on the fat of a three-month take. Moreover, the soldiers and sailors have not stopped to consider that the war-dodger hordes are in some degree the result of material shortages: people are buying vacations because they cannot buy new cars, new houses or new anything else. Few of the officers and men fighting in the war have enough detachment to wonder if they would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. And the War and Navy Departments could have been more forehanded and far-sighted in providing space at reasonable rates for the families of their officers and men.

Thus, liability for the immense and gruesome boggle is in part national. There has been some tendency in the press to anathematize Miami in particular for its present contrast of lonely, wounded men performing calesthenics in the midst of the slap-happy and defiant rich. But Miami is merely the winter focus of a systemic malady.

Miami was well suited, in half a dozen ways, to be a military training area. But, unfortunately, it was not converted into a military district, where civilians would be subject to military restrictions and necessities. The present boom, and its humiliating contrasts, sprang from geography, custom and feeble foresight. Of course, the people who collaborated and connived in it were not Miamians, because there is almost no such thing. About 90 percent of the permanent population consists of people who have come to the city within the past few years. And of course, the tourists are just ordinary Americans from New York and Boston and Kansas City, Detroit, Philadelphia, Dallas and even Los Angeles. Any boom in Miami is an all-America boom. Any psychological folly or calamity in the Miami area is an American essence, a national concentration. And if fighting men in this region become bitterly certain that the home front is not backing the attack—as they do—it is for the simple reason that the men who have sacrificed most meet in Miami those who sacrifice least.

The homes of the rich are open and their social doings clutter the local papers. Their exclusive waterfront clubs are jam-packed with the corn-fed isolationists of the Middle West and those Easterners who missed Palm Beach either through lack of status or a taste for a more boisterous social climate. If there were no uniforms, and no headlines on the newspapers with which they cover their faces while they doze in the sunshine, the war would, indeed, seem distant and none of America's business. Their resentment of the presence of service men is often and virulently expressed. I know only one of these people who has made room in his home for the hapless family of an unsheltered serviceman. The middle-class year-round residents have, in countless cases, started sleeping in the parlor to make a place for the fighting visitors. But among the big boys, only the yachts have gone to war.

The ODT begged them not to use the railroads. But railroad accommodations can hardly be had, now; there's a big black market in them in Miami and in all Northern cities; servicemen are standing in the aisles to let the tourists get down south. The legal lenience in the matter of the "A-card" does not explain a tenth of the daily (or nightly) throng at the race tracks. Most of these people are cheats. Only the very ill and the war-connected had a right to drive here from the rest of the U. S. A.; there are tens of thousands of illegal out-of-state cars running around Miami's streets. It is a disgraceful panorama of selfishness—of wishful, witless self-indulgence—of the failure not merely of a city but of a great cross-section of the American people to understand even vaguely the meaning of these days.

Miami PHILIP WYLIE

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UNRRA at the Grass-Roots

IN WASHINGTON, New York or London, the talk about America's share in the job of feeding war victims sounds fairly simple, and fairly idealistic. The picture comes in somewhat different terms, however, if you get out among the grass-roots where the men live who have to raise the crops that will make the food. Here is an account of an actual meeting. Details about it are concealed because the narrowness of view here revealed is not confined to any one locality, but is unluckily rather widespread.

The United Nations man, spokesman for the Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, starts off by stating that the survival of 500,000,000 people, a quarter of the human race, depends upon intelligent and prompt relief supplied as rapidly as the military situation permits. There are at least 20,000,000 homeless or displaced persons in Europe, perhaps 30,000,000, and the organizing of relief for them and getting them reestablished is itself a task comparable in magnitude to that of organizing the military invasion of Hitler's Europe.

Moreover, the speaker points out, if you choose to ignore all humanitarian considerations, there are at least three reasons, hardboiled, practical reasons, why you people should be interested in the United Nations relief and rehabilitation effort:

1. As war ends you may have on hand considerable surpluses of foodstuffs originally produced for military needs which you can only dispose of profitably if there is some well planned international food-distribution mechanism.

2. If we simply win a military victory, yet fail to help to set the world house in order, we will have a peace not much good for business, as it will be impossible to conduct business transactions in food or any other commodity effectively and continuously.

3. Economic disease, like physiological disease, is contagious. Just as the "flu" epidemic of the teens is believed by some investigators to have started in remote Baluchistan and Afghanistan and to have spread because of conditions created by the First World War, so the depression of the twenties and thirties seems to have commenced with the crash of banks in far-off Austria. Surely if we leave a quarter of the population of the globe to starve or go mad with suffering, an economic epidemic will spread to all the other people on earth, including you who sit here in this room.

Thus far the representatives of the world dream. Now hear the voice of provincial realism.

"I thought we came here to discuss food," says a leader of organized farmers. "But I find that we were brought here to learn about a new political organization."

"Will your organization make the same mistake as Lend-Lease?" asks an exporter. "Will it fail to encourage free enterprise? Will it fail to use the services of established exporters?"

"Go back and tell your folks in Washington," advises the manager of the state Chamber of Commerce, "that out here we think there are too darned many government agencies, none of 'em knowing what the others are doing."

"This doesn't interest us much, because evidently you plan to ship cereals and fats to these people you're talking about, and we're interested here in producing high-priced fruits and vegetables," says the spokesman for large processing interests.

"You imply that it may be necessary to continue rationing here in America after the war to carry out this scheme," remarks a dairy distributors' spokesman. "But the best opinion is that it won't be necessary to continue rationing here after the war."

"What we need here, if you want us to produce a lot of food for you, is a tariff to protect us from foreign competition," adds the representative of a growers' coöperative handling a product which before the war had large sales abroad.

Finally there was the manager of a trade association. This gentleman asks:

"What is this United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture which was mentioned? I never heard of it!"

After seemingly vain attempts to answer and explain, the representative of the United States, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, China and forty other governments must have staggered off to bed that evening to collapse into a nightmare in which a gigantic figure, one leg in farm overall, the other in business pant portion, shouted into his ear:

Everybody knows that the United Nations is a cheap political scheme run by Tammany. If it's going to live down its scandalous parentage it must feed those folks the things we grow regardless. You must make your first consideration in distributing stuff to the starving the making of private profit by exporters. You must raise high tariff walls around our products so that we can gouge enough out of domestic consumers to enable us to continue to live here and attend to our own business without knowing or caring about those wasteful, bureaucratic-bungling, overlapping agencies which you starry-eyed idealists are setting up to supply every Hottentot with a gallon of milk a day. And as for rationing after the war, I'm going to eat a big T-bone steak every day with two pounds of butter melted over it.

But whatever his nightmare was later, at the conference the United Nations man just gulped as the meeting drew to its close, and said ingratiatingly:

"Gentlemen, the points you have raised are very interesting. I very much appreciate the opportunity I have had to hear at first hand the reactions of you who are close to the practical food production and distribution problems. I hope you will present these points in systematic form to Director-General Lehman."

And they will!

R. L. BURGESS

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Washington Notes

Bricker, George and Some Jottings

I HAD SOMEHOW got the idea that Governor Bricker didn't exist. The feeling had arisen that he was just the figment of someone's imagination. But I have been listening to him in the National Press Club and gosh, folks, he's real.

He is a big-framed, handsome, God-fearing man. He has good platform presence and a fine radio voice. He utters platitudes with an air of uncompromising conviction. He has a rugged charm, and his mental horizon is bounded by the year 1900.

Mr. Bricker is against bureaucracy. Mr. Bricker is against food subsidies. Mr. Bricker is against the federal ballot. Mr. Bricker is against a Super-State (but for cooperation and collaboration). American isolationism is no problem for Mr. Bricker—"because it no longer exists." Mr. Bricker is against civilian meddling in the military conduct of the war. Mr. Bricker didn't say so specifically, but I'll bet anything he is for American Motherhood.

When the war ends Mr. Bricker would immediately stop all wartime controls, end all rationing, cut taxes, balance the budget.

Yes, folks, he's real. Spangler said the Republicans could win in 1944 with anybody, and this is anybody. This is the "honest Harding" to take us back to sub-normalcy. If a Bricker didn't exist he would have had to be invented. This column plumps for Bricker 100-percent. He is our man. We are going out now to get our button.

Everything in Washington this week is about the way it was last week—uncertain and unsettled. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt does with the tax bill, the basic fiscal problem still continues; the soldiers'-vote issue still continues; the subsidy fight still continues. In particular the subsidy fight is a sort of merry-go-round. Last June Congress voted to abolish food subsidies. The President vetoed the ban. Congress failed to override the veto. The subsidies continued. Now we are back again where we were last June.

There was one important development this week, however. It passed almost unnoticed. It was the report of the George Committee on Postwar Planning. I venture to assert that it is the historic opening gun of a controversy that will last 20 years. It is the business man's blueprint for getting back to Normalcy by raffling off the government's gigantic war-born industrial empire.

Here is the old problem of what to do with Muscle Shoals, with Muscle Shoals raised to the nth degree. Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, you remember, wanted to turn war-born Muscle Shoals over to Henry Ford and private industry. Congress held out for a collectivized solution. The matter dragged on till Roosevelt signed the TVA bill in 1933. Today, instead of one controversy-rousing Muscle Shoals, the George Committee reports that we have, in effect, 10,000. The government now owns $15,000,000,000 worth of new plants, and will own $75,000,000,000 worth of additional goods at completion of present contracts. What are we going to do with it all?

Well, here is the solution of business-loving Senator George, who has just ended his successful fight against higher taxes and his attempt to emasculate the renegotiation contract. The report was written largely by Scott Russell, committee counsel and former president of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, Macon, Georgia, one of the biggest textile concerns of the South. Create a Demobilization Director. Make him answerable to Congress, not the White House. Give him a board of directors and a six-man joint congressional committee to sit in at all policy sessions. Make the "paramount consideration" of demobilization the "preservation and strengthening of the American system of free competitive enterprise." Dump abroad all surplus material. Sell to private industry small war plants that can be readily absorbed. Keep off the market, close down or scrap all new government-owned basic industries like airplanes, rubber, aluminum, magnesium, shipyards, pipelines and steel. Above all, speed up the reconversion process; cancel contracts even at the risk of "fraud," for the cost of a little fraud will be smaller than the cost of delay.

That is the battle ground Senator George has picked for the inevitable struggle ahead. There is one note of irony in the cry for "speed" in the report. The George Committee was created last March, on the ruins of the old NRPB, which was doing the job when Congress killed it. For the past 11 months the committee has been moribund. Now comes the sudden discovery that the matter is urgent.

Things I have noted this week:

The nightmare fear of Old Guard Republicans that That Man (Willkie) will bolt the party. . . . The interruption of President Roosevelt's right hand in the gesture of stroking the back of his head, when he touches the small bandage left by the removal of his wen. . . . The determination of key Democratic campaign managers to drop Wallace and substitute a "new face" on the ticket, somebody not previously connected with politics, not Byrnes or Rayburn, but Stettinius, Wilson or Batt—particularly Stettinius. . . . The classic sentence dredged up by Wendell Berge, from Henry Sturgis, vice-president of the First National Bank, New York. Noting with alarm to President Crawford of the Pullman company that the New York Central might buy streamlined equipment from the upstart Budd company: "It looks a little as though the competitive instincts of our railroad friends are again at work." . . . The prospect that President Roosevelt will conduct the fourth-term campaign without leaving Washington, placing all the more emphasis on the need of a good speaker for running mate. . . . Roy Howard's irritation at the choice of Marquis Childs to succeed Raymond Clapper as columnist by United Features, a Scripps-Howard affiliate, and the consequent Howard ban put on Childs's column in Scripps-Howard papers (previously extended to the Pearson "Merry-Go-Round" column). . . . The conclusion of two journalists who went to New York on a hot tip that the army's overseas news service contains pro-Roosevelt propaganda, and who looked through a million words of material: that not only is there no pro-Roosevelt propaganda, but the news is actually so colorless as to be insufferably dull. . . . The WPB scandal in not requiring the civilian shoe industry to adopt a simple oil-treatment process developed by the army, and now required for all

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army shoes, said to make shoes last 25 to 50 percent longer —the bottleneck apparently being Lawrence B. Sheppard, president of the Hanover Shoe Company and chief of the WPB's shoe branch. Sheppard's comment before the Kilgore Committee was that there is "no clearly discernible" consumer demand for the longer lasting shoes.

Washington T. R. B.

Tact and Causes

Decision, by Edward Chodorov. Belasco Theatre, February 2, 1944.

MR. EDWARD CHOATE ranks high among promising and genuinely serious young producers, and this new play by Edward Chodorov does him credit. "Decision" holds our interest throughout as theatre entertainment and deals with a subject that is highly urgent among us here and now and will be still more so when the war ends. The casting of the characters has been unusually good, with every evidence of a sensitive and literate mind. The directing by the playwright is unusually even and capable.

There is very nearly a melodramatic progress to the development of this story of race riots, political bossism and righteous social consciousness. This American town has seen violence at the Anderson factory, instigated by a Senator and his henchman editor of a local newspaper. Order is restored by Riggs, the schoolmaster, but not before a number of deaths have been contrived. A group of citizens, with Riggs as chairman, have organized themselves to fight the Senator and his crowd and to see that justice and decency have a chance. The problems of labor and capital, of the equality of opportunity among races and of fairness in application of the law must be faced by all good men and not be left to the whimsies of hit-and-miss fortune, to politicians and special interests. In opposition to such efforts on the part of Riggs and his committee, the editor of the newspaper comes to dissuade Riggs and makes what amounts to a gangster threat. And in the midst of it all the son, Tommy Riggs, returns from the war, disabled to the point of a desk job that he had to beg for. Here is the home he loves, the girl he will marry, and his dear father. He has to learn that the war at the front is not the only war: he must face the fact that if something is not done and certain conditions are not taken in hand by good men, our soldiers returning from abroad will run into an even more disastrous war at home. As a finale to the general situation his father is smeared with scandal and finally murdered under a dirty panoply of shame and suicide. The soldier, returned from one war, will now carry on with another.

I have made this play, "Decision," sound as dull as virtue finding its own reward because, pardee, as they say, it hath no other. Dull this play is not, not at all. Mr. Larry Hugo as Tommy, Miss Gwen Anderson as the fiancée, not without a genuine dramatic motivation in the projection of her present from her past life, Miss Georgia Burke as Virgie, the cook, enlarged now to a factory war-worker, and Mr. Raymond Greenleaf as Riggs, the schoolmaster, give capital performances. For that matter none of the other performances is bad. The only thing to suggest for this venture is that now that it has got itself established as talking about something, as pertinent to our life, and as reputable serious drama, it might set out to enjoy itself a little more. More personality and color in the individual characters. Mr. Mat Crowley, for instance, as the newspaper editor making threats, could be a more interesting or local or individual person in addition to being the menace.

"Decision" is a good evening, entertaining and moving, a creditable batch of serious material and a use of propaganda, so to speak, that is right, proper and literate.

STARK YOUNG

New Orleans Survival

AS HOT JAZZ becomes progressively more popular it tends to move from music that is a direct expression of feeling toward mere exhibitions of technical facility, or toward compositions in which some technical means, such as smoothness, tonal prettiness or pace, is glorified into the beginning and end result of the music. The artist's emotion, which should be his reason for inventing the technique, becomes too often a supplementary effect of his music: he either manages to work it into a superficial musical arrangement that originally had no meaning for him or the man who wrote it, or he tries to work it into a performance that is preponderantly a display of virtuosity on an instrument, of expelling notes most of which are about as human as bricks. Mere nimbleness on an instrument has been impressed on the jazzmen as standing for jazz; they have also been induced to feel that the basic attraction of orchestral jazz or swing is the solo.

Most jazz performances today are inevitably a string of solos with an ensemble at the end and perhaps at the beginning. The real force and possibility of the orchestra are suppressed almost completely, and the music, no matter how good it can be, is still as though a football team allowed one man to perform each play while ten men sat it out. The passion of the musicians is comparatively hog-tied, too, by what I think is an overglorification of the dancing it is being played to: instead of being a music that the dancers will create steps to go with, it has been deadened, smoothed and made genteel enough to fit the narrow musical demands of stereotyped dance rhythms.

There is available now, though, a series of jazz records made by a modern New Orleans orchestra under the leadership of their clarinetist, George Lewis, and called "The New Orleans Stompers," which are inspired, passionate and pure jazz performances, and point up the opposing false elements noted above. The set of five 12-inch records was made in 1943 for Climax, and is distributed by Blue Note Records, New York. The band differs from the usual sextette in employing a banjo in place of a guitar, and in not employing a piano (the banjo works entirely as rhythm, sounding like a sharper, more incisive snare-drum). The musicians are, I think, not very well known outside of New Orleans. Besides Lewis they are Avery "Kid" Howard on trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Edgar Mosley, drums; Chester Zardis, bass. Some of these players recorded on the Jazz Information series, under Bunk Johnson's leadership, for Commodore a few years back—to much less advantage.

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The Stompers play a raw, rough-sounding jazz, whose gigantic kind of fierce energy will blow a good Chicago or Harlem crew out of the room, not because of their fierceness only, but because of the musicianship, solidity, daring and purity of their work. Their music is very impolite, raucous, so passionate as to be almost a caricature of passion, and quite undanceable unless the modern dance-hall step is broken up to go with their mixture of what seems like Farmer in the Dell and a foxtrot. They try for a maximum scope of the orchestra's possibilities, and use an elaborate, bizarre range of sound, rhythm and harmony. The bizarreness and unacademic attitude of all of it will cause some listeners first to think it corny and a cacophony of unpleasantness. Actually, though, it pushes the musical possibilities, possibilities for passion and the joy of this kind of music, out of the narrow, dull, neat, smooth grooves it has been resting in since it grew famous. The Stompers play each note as though it were the last chance they might get to express themselves musically; so that they always push past the glib, the formalized and the literary, or against the grain of the conventional.

The records are wonderfully consistent in quality. Their exquisitely forlorn rendering of "Careless Love"—though the record stops one or two choruses before the band stops, in the midst of its most poetic moment—is as good as anything that has been recorded in jazz. The recording, though, of "Fidgety Feet," written by the old Dixieland pair, LaRocca and Shields, is probably the equal of this, and certainly contains the most forceful, driving energy I know of on a record, all of it in the mood of an inspired street band that is hilariously high and wild. Their "Dauphine St. Blues" is broad, bloated jazz, almost bucolic in quality, but imaginatively so.

George Lewis seems to be the beginning, or driving, force in the group—at least the main characteristics of the sextette are the main characteristics of his clarinet playing. He is a robust, tremendously energetic player, who is wonderfully open to suggested inventions of the other players, who uses every type of sound he can get out of his clarinet, and every maneuver he can possibly make on it. The multiplicity of effects he manages and their extreme emotionalism make most great clarinetists in jazz appear rigid, genteel and thin. His usual tone is a full-bodied, plaintive one that can perform the most intricate improvisations clearly around a trombone or trumpet, or both, and be heard equally, never seeming out of position in the arrangement, though the other instruments are blowing at their loudest and most piercing. Yet he can also be as breath-takingly poetic and refined as he is on the remarkable last choruses of "Careless Love." Still, he is only one part of this orchestra, neither dominating, restraining nor coloring its performance: it is the virtue of the Stompers that every value in their records is the value of the ensemble.

It is not that I believe these musicians are superior to the best elsewhere (though there is a report of a flowering of good jazz on the West Coast, where old New Orleans musicians have migrated), but that they allow themselves to do what their Northern colleagues might if the latter could throw off all the conventionalisms by which they have been drowned for years, all the maneuvers they are expected to make, and played only what they would most like to play. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Remember the good old days when we used to hang out the "No Situations Available" sign? – *From a full-page advertisement of the A. B. Dick Company in Fortune.*

The ultimate purpose of our foreign policy is not to benefit other nations by spreading democracy or the Four Freedoms throughout the world or otherwise. . . . We are not fighting for democracy except for our own. – *Sen. Robert H. Taft in the New York Times Sunday Magazine.*

Shades of Our Founding Fathers!

They should hang the Duce and the Führer when caught without a trial. A trial is a kind [of] confession that they may not be guilty. – *Benjamin De Casseres in his column in The New York Mirror.*

That All-Out Effort

George Raft, now overseas for the USO, almost missed his plane because he had to wait for the especially customed uniform he had ordered from Oviette, the Hollywood tailor. It's a $450 army officer's uniform, specially designed, with long pleats. – *From Leonard Lyons' column in The New York Post.*

Total-War Department

V-mail smeared with lipstick kisses, which annoyed Chicago postal officials, is viewed more leniently by the army postoffice in New York. Properly implanted lipstick kisses will be photographed and flown overseas, the New York officials said yesterday. – *From The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Germany and War Guilt

SIR: Your reference to Mr. E. T. Becker's letter [in "The Mail Bag," January 17] regarding my article on "Punishing the War Criminals" has just come to my attention. Mr. Becker tells us that "the real war criminal . . . is the worldwide, monstrous military machine." By generalizing in this easy way, Mr. Becker places the United Nations war machines on a plane of guilt with those of Germany and the other aggressor nations. He knows very well that it was not Belgium or Poland or Holland that attacked poor little innocent non-militaristic Germany. He knows very well, too, that the nations aggressively attacked by Germany in flagrant violation of solemn treaty obligations, twice in a generation, were far from having a "military machine" compared to the juggernaut of Germany.

Mr. Becker points out that my position (to quote your summary) "assumes that the Allies are without guilt." I make no such assumption; but if Mr. Becker can see no difference in degree of guilt between the Allies and Germany, he needs a moral oculist.

He waves aside the Germans' monstrous mass murders, tortures, barbarities of which we hear daily, with the indignant statement, "as if war could be fought without atrocities, as if a civilized world would wage war!" This is the technique of smearing the victims of German barbarities with the same brush

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as the doers of those barbarities; we had it also toward the close of World War I. I should like to ask Mr. Becker a few simple questions: Who gave to the world the list of martyred cities of which Lidice is the type—Germany or the United Nations? Who has been and is exterminating, with cold-blooded premeditation and planning, hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children because of a paranoid conception of the privileges of a "master race"—Germany or the United Nations? Let him not dare to put the occasional, individual, private violation of the laws and customs of warfare by a United Nations soldier, on his own initiative, on the same plane of moral guilt as the governmentally planned, deliberate, prepared, cruel and wholesale extermination of hundreds of thousands of helpless civilians and prisoners of war! If there is no difference between the doings of Germany and the doings of the United Nations, then there is no difference between deliberate mass murder and self-defense; no difference between evil and decency; no difference between falsehood and truth.

Mr. Becker nobly informs us that "the real war criminal . . . is the worldwide, monstrous military machine." It's too bad he didn't write that to Hitler before *der Führer* trampled over Holland, Poland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece and the rest! Let me assure him that the American young men and women also hate war. They did not ask for it. Hitler and Tojo and large masses of their people asked for it. The "monstrous military machine" he detests should be broken down into its constituents: the largest part consists of the carefully planned juggernauts prepared by Germany and Japan to conquer and enslave the world; the smaller is a protective—not aggressive—machine, which was so half-heartedly constructed by the naïve nations of the world, that they destroyed battleships while Germany and Japan secretly rearmed.

No; a civilized world would not wage war. Mr. Becker is right there. But who started this war, anyway? It may have taken historians many fat tomes to prove how, in World War I, poor, innocent, peace-loving, "*gemütlich*" Germany had practically to be dragged into the war; the analysis of who caused the present war should take up no more than a couple of pages. A civilized world does not wage war; but a civilized world would soon go under to the forces of anti-civilization, if it did not wage war in sheer self-defense.

Cambridge, Mass. SHELDON GLUECK

Poland and the Curzon Line

SIR: There are a few statements in Professor Bernadotte Schmitt's rejoinder to my letter [The New Republic, January 3] which I, as a former visiting resident of Eastern Poland and student of East European affairs, cannot leave unchallenged.

1. A line of demarcation *was* offered by the Council of People's Commissars of the RSFSR in a declaration dated Moscow, January 28, 1920. This line of demarcation was *east* of the 1921-39 border.

2. The Decision of the Supreme Council of the Allied and Associated Powers on December 8, 1919, signed by Clémenceau (*not* by Lord Curzon), emphasized that "any claims that Poland may have to put forward to territories to the east of the said line are expressly reserved" (verbal quotation).

3. There is *no* "ethnographical line between Poles and Russians" for the very simple reason that these two ethnic groups are divided by the Ukrainians and White-Ruthenians (Byelorussi, Bialorusi, often loosely translated as "White Russians").

4. Not only the French, but also the American experts favored Polish "expansion" east of the "Curzon Line." This line would have given *all three* Russian shares of the Polish partitions to the USSR. The Riga border merely surrendered the spoils of the first and second partition to the Soviet Union. The USSR claims *in addition* even eastern Galicia.

5. There are not merely "some Poles" east of the Curzon Line. The Poles formed, together with the Polonized Jews, a *relative* majority (39.9 percent), in eastern Poland east of the Hitler-Stalin line, which differs only in the Bialystok region from the Curzon Line. Of all "famous Poles" the majority were born east of the Curzon Line—it suffices perhaps to mention Paderewski, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Konrad-Korzeniowski, Pilsudski, Pulaski, Kosciuszko, President Raczkiewicz, Sobieski. (Exceptions are Mme. Sklodowska-Curie, Sienkiewicz, Reymont, Copernicus.)

6. I have never heard of any earnest student who considered the Curzon Line to be a reasonable and fair border. It startled even the Soviets as being "unfair to the Poles." The ethnic aspects of this line are very doubtful and international borders based on ethnic considerations make very little sense. Or is perhaps the Munich Pact the zenith of European statesmanship? The vast majority of Sudeten Germans at least had declared in a free election their preference for Nazism. It is highly doubtful whether the Ukrainians of eastern Galicia and Volhynia would react differently from the Bessarabian peasants, who are now already fleeing their ancestral soil in order to escape the blessings of totalitarianism which they had experienced from 1940 to 1941.

New York City ERIK R. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Gide and American Literature

SIR: The European stereotypes about America die hard. I once heard a cultivated European woman, animadverting on the deficiencies of American culture, attribute them sublimely to the fact that we have never had, in this country, a romantic movement. And now it is very revealing that so wise and so imaginative a European as André Gide, in the "Imaginary Interview" which Malcolm Cowley has just translated [The New Republic, February 7], should be able to describe Dreiser as "the first of their somber writers . . . unless we go back to Edgar Allan Poe." Gide is if anything a too generous critic of our recent literature, and nothing that he says can be taken in bad part, but how symptomatic of the European incomprehension this particular remark is!

The first of our somber writers, in point of fact, was our first writer—our first considerable writer of native birth, Cotton Mather; and he was followed, in the next generation, by Jonathan Edwards, author of the "Doctrine of Original Sin Defended." We have no right to expect even the omnivorous Gide to be familiar with these colonial figures, or with Charles Brockden Brown, whose abortive talent had a touch of Dostoevsky in it; but it is genuinely disquieting, for the spiritual relations of two cultures, that Gide could be so little aware of the *portée* of Hawthorne's work, or of Melville's (whose "naïve but resolute and instinctive optimism" he quite grotesquely speaks of), or of Henry Adams', or of Emily Dickinson's, or of Mark Twain's (in his later phase), or of Stephen Crane's—to name a few writers more seriously somber even than Dreiser. How clear it is that American optimism and spiritual shallowness are, for most Europeans, a therapeutic myth that serves its own purpose in their psychological economy. And how clear it is that, whatever the European fallacy may be, we ourselves dare not miss the meaning of the remark that Gide quotes from Rathenau: "America has no soul and will not deserve to have one until it consents to plunge into the abyss of human sin and suffering."

Northampton, Mass. NEWTON ARVIN

SIR: My suggestion to M. André Gide would be that he pass over Dashiell Hammett in favor of the even more neglected works of Raymond Chandler.

Boston, Mass. DALE WARREN

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My Choice for President

SIR: My "ideal candidate" for President? There ain't no such animal. Not in the political field!

If we must limit ourselves to prospective candidates in the two old parties, then I say Wendell Willkie, a man of courage, initiative and true international vision, and uncorrupted by the superstition that he is necessary to the salvation of the world. If we may enter the wider field of minority parties, I would choose Norman Thomas, the ablest statesman in American political life today.

But why confine ourselves to politics, political parties and politicians? If we are talking about an "ideal candidate," why not enter the world of ideals?

In the last war, it was my conviction that if Jane Addams had been in the White House in 1914-17 in place of Woodrow Wilson, mankind might have been saved from disaster. Miss Addams was the only public leader of her day who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

In this war, I would nominate Rufus Jones, a true statesman as well as a saint and prophet, who could do with America what he has already done with the American Friends' Service Committee—namely, show the way to peace. If Dr. Jones is too old, a youthful eighty years, then I suggest him as the model of the kind of man we might well pray to be in the White House this day.

A crazy idea? No crazier than the ideas and policies and programs and *men* who have led the world to the greatest catastrophe in its history. I'm sick and tired of the whole tribe of so-called political leaders who achieve nothing but a war every succeeding generation. These leaders stand condemned by the fruit of their own hands. I would have no more of them. I would give another type of man a chance. The Indians are wise enough to follow Gandhi. Let's find our Mahatma for President!

New York City JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

SIR: My "pin-up" presidential candidate for 1944 would have many of the qualities of the Franklin D. Roosevelt of 1936, of the FDR who had "just begun to fight": his tough-minded idealism, his political shrewdness, his international awareness. My '44 candidate would also have the fresh crusading fervor of Henry Wallace, the administrative capacity of Milo Perkins, the Lincolnesque stature and understanding of John Winant, and even perhaps the popular flavor (but not the "all-things-to-all-men" quality) of Wendell Willkie.

Unfortunately, however, only the first and last of these men stand any chance whatever of being nominated or elected. Of the first, FDR, we don't know whether he will campaign as the fighting progressive of '36, or the '43 defender of Jesse Jones and Cordell Hull against Henry Wallace and Sumner Welles. Of the last, Mr. Willkie, we don't know whether to accept his recent speeches as more "campaign oratory" or as the words of an honest man who has just seen the world and understood what makes it move.

Politics being a science of alternatives, independent liberals should wait until the alternatives present themselves before announcing their final choice. In the meantime, they can occupy their time fruitfully fighting the all-out reactionaries in both parties. And they should never forget that no President will accomplish very much with a Congress as bad as the Seventy-eighth.

New York City JAMES LOEB JR.

SIR: To talk about the ideal candidate for President is a little too personal way of dealing with the political issues of our day. Our situation seems to be this: The Southern revolt against the New Deal has well-nigh destroyed the usefulness of the Democratic administration as an instrument of progressive politics. The present alliance between reactionary Democrats and reactionary Republicans proves how great was the achievement of the first two Roosevelt administrations; but it also makes the future ominous. It was a great achievement to make a party containing Southern reactionaries, corrupt Democratic municipal machines, farmers and workers into a genuine instrument of liberalism. But the policy by which this was done seems to be played out. If Roosevelt is nominated and elected again (by the help of reactionary Democrats who will oppose his program as soon as the election is past), we shall have a very tired and ambiguous "New Deal" in 1944-48 and it will almost certainly usher in a period of terrible reaction in '48.

If the Republicans nominate a candidate who flirts with isolationism in foreign policy and espouses domestic reaction, we may have to support the Democratic ticket despite our apprehensions. If they nominate Willkie, one choice will be as good as another, even though Willkie will probably try to sell us a "pig in a poke" on domestic policy. His election would have the advantages of (1) taking the idea of America's responsible relation to the world out of party politics; (2) avoiding a worse reaction in 1948; and (3) encouraging a new party alignment, which would be arrested by a Democratic victory.

On the other hand a Willkie victory might produce an even more reactionary Congress than a Democratic victory. If such a choice confronts us, we had better center on the congressional contests, all the more so because recent experience proves the danger of relying on the presidency too absolutely for democratic advance.

New York City REINHOLD NIEBUHR

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Leo Gamow writes from Jersey City to applaud the article "Hague Is the Law" by Willard Wiener [The New Republic, January 31]. Mr. Gamow feels that Hague is now a political liability to President Roosevelt rather than an asset, and should not be tolerated longer on the ground of his usefulness. He says public-spirited citizens of Hudson County, where Hague holds sway, are thinking of forming a local chapter of the Union for Democratic Action, and asks anyone interested to write to the UDA at 9 East Forty-sixth Street, New York 17, New York.

L. J. Finnegan of Washington, D. C., writes to hail the creation by President Roosevelt of the War Refugee Board, in view of the desperate predicament of the remaining Jews in Europe. He believes the board could profitably adopt the program proposed by the Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe, to establish special camps for refugees in Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Portugal, Spain, Morocco, Libya and Algeria.

George W. Flynn writes from Sacramento, California, to give us his own choice for the Democratic ticket this year. It is Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie.

James T. Farrell, chairman of the Civil Rights Defense Committee, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, writes to solicit aid for the eighteen Minneapolis Trotskyists who are now serving terms in federal penitentiaries. Mr. Farrell says, "The eighteen people were tried and convicted under the Smith 'gag' act, not for anything they did, but for their opinions alone." The committee needs funds to carry on a campaign for their pardon, and to provide relief for their wives and children.

Edwin Anderson, of Cleveland, says we should not criticize soldiers for voting as to what pin-up girl shall get the dubious honor of being Miss Mosquito Junction. "They probably realize this may be their only opportunity to participate in an election."

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Books in Review

Who's Fascist Now?

IF JOHN T. FLYNN is right in his contention that we are now being ruled by an essentially fascist government, I have to admire his courage and self-sacrifice in writing the present volume.[1] For, if he is right, it will not be long before he pays the penalty that attaches to plain speaking in an age of tyrants. Tomorrow morning, perhaps, when he leaves for the office, he will find that his door has been splashed with double crosses in red ink, the sinister symbol of the New Deal. Tomorrow evening he will be surrounded in the street by what he describes as "the President's drove of radio and columnar storm troopers," and he will be lucky to escape without drinking his quart of castor oil. His house will be searched and his papers confiscated by J. Edgar Hoover's Gestapo. Mr. Flynn himself will be taken into protective custody, beaten with rubber truncheons and forced to confess the crime of having a non-Aryan grandparent, not to mention the additional offense of having peddled Bibles in his youth. The whole edition of his own book will be burned in a huge bonfire on Times Square—perhaps with the author himself trussed like a roasting turkey among the flames. His family will be shunned, persecuted and driven into exile. An amiable optometrist will be murdered on West Twenty-third Street in Manhattan, because he too bears the name of John T. Flynn.

"But you don't understand," the writing Mr. Flynn will answer (and he is a dangerous man in an argument). "All the characteristics of fascism that you have just suggested—the symbols, the storm troopers, the concentration camps, the tortures, the burning of books, the murder of their authors, the massacre of Jews by the millions—all these are merely incidental. We shouldn't pay much attention to them for fear of being misled by our sentiments. What sensible men should do is to keep their eyes on the one really essential trait of all the fascist regimes. It is"—and he whispers the words between clenched teeth—"it is *deficit spending*. It is the attempt to keep the country prosperous by public works and social security. Militarism, imperialism and dictatorship are merely the results of that initial mistake. Fellow citizens, let us forget about the murdered Jews and Poles and Chinese. Let us concentrate on realities and abolish fascism here at home by getting rid of that man in Washington."

There is, of course, a great deal more to Mr. Flynn's argument, and some of his points make good sense when taken by themselves. He is sound on the subject of militarism as the only form of public spending that is supported by the conservatives. He is clear, if one-sided, in his long discussion of Italian fascism. He is less clear and even more one-sided when he talks about Germany; for in this case he is trying to prove that deficit spending was the cause as well as the essence of fascism. He therefore omits to say that the last chancellors of the Weimar Republic followed an opposite policy, one of economy and deflation, and that their failure to create work by spending government money was among the biggest of the errors that brought Hitler into power. All these, however, are minor points. Mr. Flynn's chief aim in the book is to give a new definition of fascism that excludes Hitler's friends in this country and applies the label solely to the New Deal.

Huey Long had a somewhat similar idea. He is supposed to have said (it was in 1933, when he was interviewed by Robert Cantwell), "Of course we'll have fascism in this country—under the guise of anti-fascism." The remark has been quoted and misquoted at least a hundred times, and always with implied praise for Huey Long's sagacity. Mr. Flynn, who doesn't quote it, has based his whole book on the notion that Roosevelt is giving us fascism while pretending to fight it. But is the remark as sagacious as most of our political experts pretend to believe? How would it sound with one word changed? "Of course we'll have Catholicism (or Judaism or Mohammedanism) in this country—under the guise of anti-Catholicism." That statement sounds equally profound, and yet it implies something wholly impossible: that this could become a Catholic country while refusing to accept the apostolic succession, the pope, the college of cardinals, the monastic orders and the ordained priesthood. It might be a religious country in that case, but it couldn't be Catholic or Roman.

Now, I would never suggest that fascism and Catholicism are doctrines on the same level. Fascism in the form of national socialism (which is its only vital and dangerous form today; most of the so-called fascist countries not allied with Hitler are merely old-fashioned dictatorships) is profoundly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian. But it has this much in common with the Catholic Church (and all other churches), that besides being a doctrine it is also a specific social institution. Fascism "under the guise of anti-fascism" would be fascism without the charismatic Leader, without the party, without the holy writings (which are "Mein Kampf" and the "Protocols"), without anti-Semitism, without the swastika and without the international organization. It wouldn't be fascism at all, in the current sense of the word.

All this sounds a little as if I were getting ready to defend the "good" features of fascism. I am not aware that it has any. Fascism in Germany produced some technical improvements in administration and a number of social measures that might be valuable in other contexts (for example the loans to newly married couples), but all of these were used as means toward the end of subjugating the world. None of them, incidentally, was adopted by the New Deal, which is a completely different institution, with different ends and a different pattern of behavior. I am not discussing its value here; I am simply saying that, like any other institution, it has the right to be discussed in its own terms. When Mr. Flynn calls it fascism, on the strength of economic parallels that he discovers or invents, he is saying in effect that wolves and chairs both have four legs and therefore chairs should be exterminated. Mairzy doats and

[1] As We Go Marching, by John T. Flynn. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 280 pages. $2.

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March issue of **Just Out**

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waged against the insurgent mystic, Antonio Conselheiro, heretical builder of lovely churches, heroic defender of spiritual squalor, is set down with a projective force that is not only unflagging but almost physically sensible. It is a huge landslip of sensation that moves down upon one. Instinctively one compares its final chapters with the opening scene of Malraux's "La Condition Humaine." But for Cunha the tragedy he records was more than an event. It was a judgment upon the past and the present and, doubtless, though nothing in the book says this clearly, a terrible prophecy for the future.

Every clause and epithet of this macabre rune must be commented upon, from the Counsellor's first appearance on the backlands tracks down to the freezing tragedy of Canudos, where his many thousand people were slaughtered to the last child. The death of this heroic moron of God is a Brazilian Pompilia's murder, calling from Cunha a historical and scientific "Ring and the Book." As the thread of St. Catherine of Siena's life became, in Von Hügel's superb biography of that ecclesiastical reformer, a chain to hold together an entire philosophy of knowledge and being, so, for Cunha, the life and death of this religious rebel must organize a treatise on the entire social fabric of Brazil.

Two demerits of "Os Sertões" for the modern Anglo-Saxon reader, it seems to me, necessarily spring from its method, or from its intention. Though he wrote at the beginning of the present century, Cunha's sociological apparatus, together with much of his scientific grammar, is no longer current. And, like fashions in dress, nothing is stranger than the scientific vocabularies of a few decades back. Even to discuss "Os Sertões" in its own word-list reminds one of those conversations one enjoyed in minor Spanish university towns, where the future of Spain, then bleeding to death on the steps of a ruined church, was discussed in terms of the dead philosophy of the rationalistic Krauss, elsewhere forgotten by all save third-rate German pedants. And the second defect is this: one is dragged and incited, one is goaded into climbing the whole length of this mighty cordillera to its culminating precipice. And then one must either leap into a cold, cloud-filled space, as it were, or one must turn round and retrace all that immense, complicated journey, musing afresh over each tree and stone. For the last scene in "Os Sertões" is the digging up of the Counsellor's body, and the severance of the head with a knife. "That horrible face, sticky with scars and pus, once more appeared before the victors' gaze. . . . After that they took it to the seaboard, where it was greeted by delirious multitudes with carnival joy." Five lines only follow this, mentioning the name of a forgotten scientist and bluntly summing up that the event was crime and madness. But by this time the reader's mind has become athletic, and he demands more. That is the measure of the book's greatness, that at its close one feels that the tremendous journey is still unfinished and one longs to go on. It is possible that Cunha might some day have led one further. In 1907 it was rumored that he was preparing a new edition of "Os Sertões." A soldier, to prevent fresh disclosures about the army, fired a bullet through the author's window and killed him at his work table.

But "Os Sertões" and its process is not a book to relinquish with summary remarks. Its method itself, apart from the cumulative organizational effect which all great disciplines have, is endlessly rewarding. There is the tedium of such sentences as this, from the outmoded and unsatisfactory delineation of Conselheiro's soul. "With an insane temperament marked by an obvious ideational retrogression, he was, certainly, a notable case of intellectual degenerescence." Against this are to be set countless brilliances of historical insight and allusion. The desert backlands of Brazil had maintained, in tattered form, something of the Messianism of the first Christian settlers. It was this which Antonio Conselheiro and his adjutant prophets inherited, Cunha insists. They were part and parcel "of the same people who in Lisbon, under the previous obsession of miracles and assaulted by sudden hallucinations, had beheld above the royal palace prophetic caskets, mysterious tongues of flame, throngs of white-hooded Moors passing in procession, and Paladin combats in the skies." The visibility of these glimpses and visions keeps one's imagination plastic throughout the book.

And irony, an attitude that is commonly expressed in urbane language, here reaches a tragic order. It is not so much that Cunha savagely mocks at the crime. He does not. He is quite free from sentiment. He never romanticizes about these impossibly brave rebels. Nor does he cheaply equate their opponents with them, and though he sees that this man's squalid faith inspires as great sacrifices as any other man's noblest ambitions, and despite the disillusions of his heart, he does not sneer that all faiths are equal. At its bitterest his mood is a contemptuous pity, or pitying contempt, for mankind. The irony does not lie in the style, as in Anatole France, but in the collision of facts and truths. Indeed, the whole ghastly God's-satire is embodied in Conselheiro himself, for the man's end, in its sublime squalor, gives as much sense of blasphemy as if we read that the last words from the cross were, "I am fed up with the world!" The man's life in those last months, when it cost six thousand troops three months to advance one hundred yards within his town of smashed hovels, was one long Via Crucis that ended, as it were, in a public convenience. The only loot at Canudos, indeed, was cheap rosaries and paper amulets and the like. The only victory on the government side was physical, while on the rebels' it was a tremendous and ghastly meaninglessness. The Counsellor's men believed that to be slaughtered by the knife was to go to hell, without hope of remission. The government troops, who took no prisoners, gave them the option of betraying secrets and dying by the bullet, or of honor and the knife. To die of calm purpose for one's faith is an act of courage. These men, for a few furtive superstitions, set their jaws and turned aside into hell, without outward sigh. In this rather than in the terror of Canudos' end lies the savagery of this story.

Yet the telling of that end in Canudos is overwhelming. Four defenders were left alive in the last rifle pit to hold out. One old man, two able-bodied men and a child, still spitting death against five thousand, until the last of them slipped back into the blood and pus of putrescent bodies. And then the victors stood amid the blazing sunlight and the terrible silence. Silence, too, stands at the end of this book. It is why one cries out for one more word. But doubtless it was the silence of that last scene which overawed Cunha himself.

RALPH BATES

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Maillol's Woodcuts

The Woodcuts of Maillol: A Complete Catalogue with 176 illustrations. Edited by John Rewald. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 50 pages. $18.

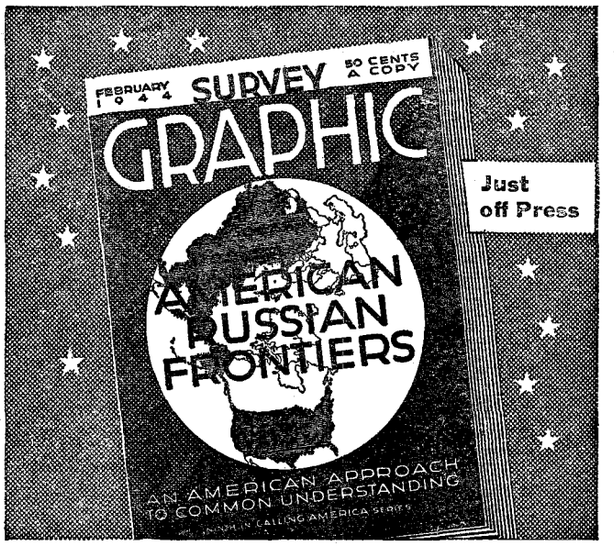
A SUNNY STRENGTH abounds in the woodcuts as in the sculpture of Aristide Maillol. They do not suggest the Gothic north, but the Mediterranean south. They are seldom shadowed, the line is subtle rather than overlabored, and they seem to issue from a clear-running stream that sparkles on forever. Such is the Arcadian atmosphere in the most effective of the 162 woodcuts here gathered together for the first time in a single volume.

Maillol's earliest woodcuts—dating from 1892—betoken the uncouth planing and ripple effects of his master, Gauguin. Not until he undertook a trip to Greece in 1908, as guest of Count Harry Kessler, German connoisseur and de-luxe publisher, did the artist begin to cut in his own individual fashion. At length he finished his project for Kessler—the distinguished "Eclogues," published in 1925. Ten years later Maillol completed the more sinuous illustrations for Ovid's "Art of Love," and, in 1937, his *chef d'œuvre*, "Daphnis and Chloe," after the pastoral romance of Longus, the Greek sophist. The more recent "Chansons pour Elle," after the poems of Verlaine, suggest Parisian spice, with more witty inflections both in the line and the afterthought. Uncompleted as yet are the "Georgics," where the largeness of the rendering is suited to the bucolic poem of the Latin master. Such, along with lesser works, is the attainment of Maillol in the woodcut.

And what if the present volume cannot reproduce the original *mise-en-page*, with depictions merely constituting another character along with the typography? Does it not give us a plentiful draught of Maillol? Even against such disadvantages his spirit emerges in all its wholesome strength. Here is the man who recaptures an antique grace in the goat, plucks enjoyment from the simplest country pastimes and somehow immerses himself in the very flow of nature when he depicts the immemorial practices of love. Here Maillol moves to some measure which in turn moves the earth. Hence his perfect tranquillity and his reassurance to our time. It is good to be reminded of them by this handsome book, which has been capably edited and annotated by John Rewald and sets a new peak in American book publishing for the present season. JEROME MELLQUIST

A Reader's List

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by John D. Hicks (Houghton Mifflin, $5.50). A readable, scholarly textbook of United States history from the earliest times to the invasion of Sicily. In line with recent tendencies in American historiography, social and economic matters are given adequate space, if political and military affairs still occupy more room than is necessary in a "short" history. And too often the accounts of literature and the arts are jumbled lists of names and conventional estimates. Professor Hicks has been no more successful than have other general historians in evaluating American culture within the necessarily brief, and therefore all the more challenging, limits of the one-volume college text.



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The contributors include Walter Duranty, Lewis Gannett, E. C. Carter, Vera Micheles Dean, Donald M. Nelson, Andrew J. Steiger, Louis Fischer, Maurice Hindus, Helen Iswolsky, Mary van Kleeck, Edgar Snow, Harriet Moore, Ruth Gruber, John A. Kingsbury, William Lancaster and others with Richard B. Scandrett, Jr. and Albert Rhys Williams as Special Editors.

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LITERARY ENGLAND, by David E. Scherman and Richard Wilcox (Random House, $3.95). Always reverent and frequently beautiful photographs of familiar scenes from English literature set beside "the well loved passages which make them forever memorable." Many of the great writers of the past are handsomely illustrated. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that the most recent writers represented are such minor figures as Alfred Noyes and John Buchan. Just once in some such compilation we would like to see, say, a pictorial accompaniment for "The Waste Land" or a machine-dominated landscape out of Auden or Spender.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SUBSIDIES AND PRICE SUPPORTS, by the National Farmers' Union (Denver, Colo., 10 cents). That not all farmers are against war subsidies on food products is proved by this pamphlet issued by the National Farmers' Union—the one farmer organization whose leaders are not closely aligned with big business and the Republican Party. It would be interesting to see what the other rank-and-file members of the farm bloc would think if they could read it, but unfortunately they probably never will. It is a clear and graphic exposition of the need for subsidies and their reasonableness from the point of view of the farmer, as well as that of the consumer and the entire national economy. The cartoons which accompany it are a model of graphic presentation.

WHY RACE RIOTS? LESSONS FROM DETROIT, by Earl Brown (Public Affairs Committee, 10 cents). Here is a pamphlet that should receive the widest possible circulation. It sharply highlights the background and origins of the 1943 Detroit riots. Converted into a monied Mecca by the mushroom growth of the automobile industry, Detroit became a haven for ever increasing numbers of Southern landless poor. It also became the national parking place for the Anglo-Saxon Federation, Gerald L. K. Smith and other varieties of fanatical tub-thumpers. The lamentably inadequate housing conditions for the Negro, the severe job competition and the imported prejudices finally cost 34 lives and a racial tension that has yet to be lessened. Mr. Brown's bare recital of the irresponsible complacency and utter incapacity of the local officials is sufficient to condemn them. Mr. Brown warns us that the same forces of bigotry are latent in all our large metropolitan centers and makes a number of highly practical suggestions for overcoming them.

PLANNING NO. 216: REFUGEES IN BRITAIN (Political and Economic Planning. Available through The New Republic, 25 cents). We all admit quite readily that the refugee problem is a pitiful one. Yet our failure to deal satisfactorily with it reveals an increasing and shocking sense of accommodation to the brutality of our time. The moral indifference this implies is ironically underscored when a liberal-minded organization such as PEP finds it necessary to bolster its essentially humane attitude with occupational and employment statistics. The basic fear that motivates the restrictive policies of most nations—the fear of competition for jobs and business—is effectively refuted in this pamphlet. Emigrés from the Nazi horror brought wealth to Britain. They built factories, often in the "depressed" areas, gave employment and helped increase purchasing power. And the contributions of refugee scholars are in no way to be slighted, says PEP. Yet when the British government wanted to permit 500 refugee doctors to practise, the Medical Association succeeded in reducing the number to 50. It is a tragic commentary that we must approach the refugee problem on a bookkeeping plane rather than as the simple human question that it is.

Contributors

"Madison Avenue" is the pseudonym of a well known New York advertising expert.

Charles Madge is a contemporary English poet, the founder, with Tom Harrisson, of Mass-Observation. He is also one of the editors of the "Target for Tomorrow" series which publishes such pamphlets as "Industry After the War—Who's Going to Run It?"

Philip Wylie, novelist, short-story writer and essayist, is the author, among other books, of "Generation of Vipers," published last year by Farrar and Rinehart.

R. L. Burgess was for nine years an information specialist for the United States Department of Agriculture and is now with The San Francisco Chronicle.

Rolfe Humphries' most recent volume of poetry is "Out of the Jewel," published by Scribner's.

Ralph Bates's latest book is "The Undiscoverables."

Jerome Mellquist, author of "The Emergence of an American Art," is completing a study of Baudelaire's art criticism.

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